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Original.

INFLUENCES OF THE FIRESIDE.

There are those who take pleasure, a mournful pleasure it must be, in representing this world, apart from the influences of Religion, as the abode of nothing but depravity and crime. By no means satisfied with the concession that the blot is upon all things, they insist that it has left no trace of beauty; that there is not a human passion, whose exercise, from beginning to end, embodies any thing but the very essence of sin. While Revelation by no means makes this view necessary, our own observation expressly falsifies it. The picture, though marred and marred throughout, has not become so hideous a caricature. The physical creation, cursed though it was, has yet its spots of beauty; and so too the moral. Though more deeply cursed with a more withering blight, it yet bears some faint traces of its former loveliness; not enough in any way to merit the smile of its Creator, but still enough to make him who thinks on them as he should, thankful that they are left him: enough to render more delightful the anticipations of that better state when they shall be lost again in that perfection of which they are the imperfect remembrancers.

There is one scene, with which all are familiar, where the human heart develops other feelings than belong to the being that has lost all trace of moral loveliness. It is the fireside. At the mention of the word how many pleasing images start up in the mind. The happiest scenes, the associations that the heart most fondly cherishes, it revives again. The warm glow from the winter's hearth is again upon our cheek; we see the circle of happy faces and hear again the voices of those we love. Mother, for she shall be named first, father, brothers and sisters, are met once more. We have only to close our eyes upon things around us, and we are among them. This may seem the language of effort rather than of feeling. But it is not so. There are hearts, and those too which nature has not most rudely strung, that give forth far sweeter music when thus breathed upon by Memory, than when played upon by Fancy's most delicate fingers. I pity the man in whose breast the mention of the old family circle awakens no pleasing associations. Gloomy indeed must have been the home of his boyhood. Or if it were not—if his childhood were passed among kind friends—if happy faces smiled around him, I pity him still more for the cold heart that could forget them all. As for me, may I never forget the home of my childhood; while I shed tears, and I am not ashamed to shed them, that it is mine no longer, may I cherish the recollections of its happy scenes as the dearest treasure of memory.

But there are other thoughts than those which reflection associates with the family circle. The fireside is a school. Here, where the young heart begins its exercises, are the affections moulded and directed. I wish not to speak of peculiarities of taste and habit in the parent, imitated by the child, until they form a part of his character. The influence thus exercised is made evident by every day's observation. But there are specific influences connected with every virtuous home that are worthy of attention—influences that belong to the very constitution of the family, and exert their power not from design, but in the every day discharge of those duties without the performance of which the fireside would be less tolerable than a Bedlam. Beginning with the most important, I mention the influence of the fireside upon Religion. The distinctions just made exclude the consideration of the familiar but not hackneyed theme—a mother's or a father's prayers and admonitions sown in the breast of childhood, and in manhood bearing their fruit. But there is many a home where this influence is unknown—where another, perhaps of greater strength, is insensibly exercised. The human mind is subject to various classes of emotions—as such is fostered it increases in strength. Each exercise makes the succeeding one more certain and more powerful, and it is by no means necessary that the object be always the same. Benevolence does not stop to recognize in the present sufferer the features of him whom it formerly relieved. Malice is not confined to a single object, but by continued exercise at length delights to find any new channel in which to direct itself. Let us now enter the family circle; let us imagine ourselves again children, as we were, and see if affections may be found in our minds that can be recognized in the noble exercises of the Christian. The search is not in vain: in our own childish hearts we find the element that forms almost the sum of religion—filial reverence—directed indeed to a different object, but still the same. When our mothers taught us to obey the commandment, 'honor thy father and thy mother,' they taught us to take the first step towards the fear of the Lord. And is it not because of this very connection, that the Bible so much insists upon the honor which a child owes to his parents? I doubt it not. But be that as it may, I thank them for the lesson; for it has taught me, now that the little family circle no longer seems the world with the same eye that recognizes all around me as brothers and sisters, to look up to a great Father. You may say the feeling is so modified that it can scarcely be called the same—but I know it is the same, for when in my retirement I look up to that Father, it may be wrong, but it sometimes seems as though the same face that smiled upon my infancy is smiling on me then.

There is another emotion that often owes its beginnings to the influences of the fireside. Philanthropy, when most expanded, is but the development of the principle that first shows itself in the open hearted kindness of childhood. I would not be mistaken. I do not say that either Religion or Philanthropy owe their existence in the breast of the man to any emotions of the boy. But I do say, that so often are the former seen in connection with the latter, that the relation between them naturally presents itself to the mind. The eye that in childhood has learned to weep over the little sorrows of a brother or sister; the hand that in childhood has learned to share the little delicacy, are those which in manhood will pity and relieve the afflicted. Then, as was hinted above, all mankind become the brothers and sisters: it needs only that they be in sorrow, and they have a claim upon a brother's sympathies. And now still in manhood, observe the

influence of old associations of home. Whether it be so with others, I know not, but when I look upon a suffering fellow being, imagination at once makes a sister the tenant of the sick bed, and hears her voice utter the stifled groans; or in the squalid clothes of the imploring beggar, sees a brother's form. If my heart was hard before, it is softened then. But it is needless to enlarge here; the connection is so obvious it scarcely needs be mentioned.

There is one more emotion of the mind that I would trace to the feelings of childhood. It is Patriotism. The first object of that love that glows at the mention of 'our country,' is the hearth around which infancy plays. Let us trace the feeling, if we can. The child, while as yet his home is the world to him, of necessity can love no other place. Infancy becomes boyhood, and now other objects around share in his love. Home has become a wider term, and comprehends

"The orchards, the meadows, the deep tangled wildwood."

And now boyhood has become youth, and the mind more expanded, learns to regard the scenes of its childish pleasures as a part of one great country. That country it loves for the sake of home—for the sake of the endeared spot where infancy was passed so happily. The same feeling which in the infant was confined to the fireside, where it first prattled, which in the child extended only to the scenes of his boyish sports, in the heart of the youth regards the whole native land, and in all the object of love is still home, home. The fireside in all, in the centre: other objects are dear, because related to it.

G. D.

Original.

A CHAPTER ON TRUTH.

What is Truth? inquired Pilate of old; and what is Truth, inquire many of our own day, while the latter as the former, seldom wait for an answer. Had Pilate felt anxious for a solution of his question, he might have heard truths which make the angels themselves wonder; he might have heard the divine exclamation, "I am Truth." Should those of the present day wait, they might hear notes which the lips of truth alone dare utter.

The great repository of all truth contains the reason for this strange carelessness of what so nearly concerns man's welfare, on the principle that men "love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." There appears to exist in the minds of some, an erroneous sentiment, which causes them to reject truth and frequently adopt error, and it is this—that there is a certain reason whereof to glory in the freedom of opinion, and that it is the mark of a slavish mind to receive truths which bear upon them the appearance of age—while it is for high and god-like intellects to seek for something new and captivating. These are they who, like the ancient Athenians, perpetually sigh for some new thing.

Let us consider Truth in two distinct aspects—in matters of theory as distinct from matters of practice. But while we regard them as distinct, we must remember that there must of necessity be a connection between them. We can say of it, as the apostle says of Faith, "without works it is dead."

The great Lord Bacon compares it to a pearl which cannot like the diamond be seen equally well in a variety of lights—it needs the clear light of day to display its charms. It will suffer no variation in shades—it is immutable. It had its origin in the counsels of eternity—it exists in the unfailing order of sequences which the supreme ruler of all has established. The face of nature may change—"the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces," yea this great world itself may fade away, but truth is the same; "the eternal years of God are hers." Though it may be long before truth is acknowledged; and though error may meet with immediate acceptance, yet according to an invariable law of nature, the former must survive the latter. What comes soonest to maturity, earliest fades, will hold as well in error as in the natural world around us. And like the objects of our material world, truth must acquire fresh vigor by age—it must become established on firmer basis, as age advances upon it.

There is something in the adaptation of our natures for the reception of truth, which renders it acceptable. However much men may reject following its dictates, or permitting it to influence their conduct, there still exists in their minds this innate admiration of every thing which partakes of its characteristics. We are formed to admire every thing lovely, although by an effort this sense of beauty may be almost entirely destroyed—and truth, the foundation of all excellence, pre-eminently claims our sincerest admiration. Error, though she may at times claim our attention from the singularity of the garb in which she may be clothed, never fails in the end to give place to the more solid enjoyment of truth.

We gaze at truth as we would at a stupendous effort of nature—a craggy, projecting precipice, or a roaring waterfall, with feelings of awe; but we gaze at error as we would at a minute work of art, with feelings of curiosity at the ingenuity of the device. Truth is like the marble which under the chisel of some splendid sculptor, assumes the shape, and we had almost said, the capacities of the man; while error resembles a figure in all the meretricious ornaments of wretched taste, which dazzles but soon disgusts.

We might enter into an analysis of the qualities of the mind which produce this admiration of truth, but the contracted limits of our article will not permit. We however turn to something of prior importance, and that is, the necessity of guarding against error in the formation of our opinions. One of the principal sources of this evil is the copying the opinions and prejudices of others as our own.

The experience and wisdom of age often produce in our minds the impression of their infallibility, and we receive as the fiat from which it would be accounted the height of presumption to appeal, all the insignificant prejudices and contemptible opinions from which, we must confess, age is not wholly free. Again, we form our opinions hastily, and are thus apt to have prejudices of our own. Before we have fair opportunities of judging—before, in fact, we are capable of judging—we announce our conclusions as if reason were not to be consulted in the operation. We arrive at these conclusions of men and things, from too limited a number of instances. Before we can establish a fact, it is necessary that we have a sufficient number of premises to warrant us in so doing. We are often apt to consider a man a genius, who in one instance has exhibited himself talented; while it requires a series of such successes to warrant us in the appellation. The veriest fool in existence may so exhibit the limited capacities of his nature, that overcome by his appearance, we pay our adoration as did the Israelites of old, to

this golden calf. The intellectual world is filled with so much froth that we are compelled to let it subside before we can discriminate the genuine. The self-important air, the pompous strut, and the dignified and extremely forcible manner of expressing one's sentiments, is generally so effective, that we are at a loss whether to despise most him who thus acts, or him that is thus acted upon.

But let us now in a brief manner consider truth in practice; hitherto we have regarded it as distinct from the every day duties of life. And in the first place, we barely remark that honesty is always the best policy—or that truth in our common dealings will always in the end prove to our own advantage. Facts have at length demonstrated that though the wicked may for a season flourish, yet the just shall in the end prove victorious. There is something so contemptible in the tortuous windings of him who is influenced by error—something so far beneath the dignity of our human nature, that men have finally learned to despise him. But besides the selfish motive of personal interest for the pursuit of truth in our dealings, we have a higher incentive, and that is, the fact that it is our duty. The former pertaineth to ourselves, the latter to our Maker—the one extends to this world alone, the other to the world to come. The present life consists of acts; our future, of the issues of those acts. If then we live rightly now, we shall hereafter enjoy the blessings resulting from it.

Truth, for its own sake, should be the motive of our conduct—the ruling principle of our lives. And when this whole world shall be purified from that which so mars her original beauty, we may look for him who said in tones of power and majesty, *my word is truth*.

VERITAS.

Original.

THE POETRY OF GRAY.

There is much in the early poetry of England to instruct and charm. Although we cling to the poetical productions of our country with patriotic admiration, we look back to the olden poesy of our motherland, with lingering affections, and with the murmurings of regret that we cannot claim it as our national inheritance. We envy not her coronet or crown, her benefices or her titles of nobility, but when with all the fervor of delight, we feel the glowing thoughts of her early bards, dressed in rural simplicity, fresh and vigorous, free from the trappings of modern refinement, and unpruned by the fastidiousness of modern taste, it is but natural that we should experience emotions not altogether devoid of selfishness. As her olden poets wrote when our noble language was in its golden prime, unburdened by useless importations from tongues as numerous as Babel could boast of, each idea expressed in the clear, comprehensive Saxon words, and untrammelled by a long combination of ill-meaning syllables, strike the mind with peculiar force. Their images in beautiful simplicity—simple as nature herself from which they were drawn—come to the soul pleasant as the murmur of crystal waters. We read the old English poets with feelings of delight which we do not experience in the perusal of modern productions of poetic talent. There is a freshness in their descriptions and conceptions of nature which go to the heart, and there stir up its tenderest sympathies. The golden locks of the naiads shine more resplendent under their describing touch, and the nymphs of many a grove never appeared so lovely as when de-

pictured by the olden bards of England. The beauty of the sequestered vale seems more charming when pictured by them, and the hoary mountain and solitary lake of their imagination arouse in the soul feelings more sublime. The music and harmony of their numbers are grateful to the ear, and their verse flows clear—ay, as clear as the bubbling fountain whose waters quenched their thirst, and often, softened as the moonbeam that played upon the bosom of their fairies. A thousand fancies are brought into action, darting and playing around us, gilding every event with sunshine, and chasing away the shadows of the past. A thousand memories crowd upon us, as dreams from a spirit-land, whose voice is the voice of music and song, and whose sorrow is not more grieving than romantic melancholy. The lover of poetry in these days of degenerate taste, turns from the sickly productions of refinement, and sighs for the verse of Chaucer, strong, manly, and powerfully descriptive; or for the beautiful fancy, the pensive tenderness, and flowing harmony of Spenser. He sighs for these, and for the Saxon verse of many others, although they date far back in feudal and chivalrous times, as sighs the mountaineer, in the bustle of the city, for the tranquillity, the pure air, and the limpid streams of his native hills.

Coming down to a later period, or to what may be called the middle age of British Poets, we meet with a galaxy of names scarcely less bright. We turn to these with but little less degree of admiration, although they have lost that vigor of style, and terseness of expression which the early poets in the English language manifested. Among them few have possessed more of the requisite of a poet, and yet been more neglected, than THOMAS GRAY. To most he is known only as the author of an "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," and were it not for this masterly production, he would perhaps be known to few indeed, except to those whose pleasing employment it is to examine the records of the past. Probably the small number of pieces which he has written, or at least given to the world, may have in part contributed to this neglect: be this as it may, he certainly deserves a prominent place and notice among the favored British bards, both for the elegance of his diction and the true poetic fire his productions breathe. Like all men, Gray has had his detractors—ay, and the gigantic intellect of Johnson has been marshalled against him—yet these have only rendered his merit more obvious. The rigid test of fair and impartial criticism, can at best find but mere verbal errors and faults. Unprejudiced judges have marked him as a poet of original genius, and superior eminence. A celebrated metaphysician thus remarks of him:—"To those who wish to study the theory of poetical expression, no author in our language affords a richer variety of illustration than Gray. His merits in many other respects are great; but his skill in this particular is more peculiarly conspicuous."

It is indeed to be regretted that Gray has not given to the world more of his productions. The natural indolence of his character sat like an incubus upon his soul, repressing its noble energies, and although he has been styled 'the most learned man in Europe of his time,' yet with all his learning and poetic talents he has accomplished, what the world would call, but little, and has left behind him but few pieces to sustain his fame and merit. In this respect he is free from a fault—if indeed it could have been entombed a fault in him—which is too often the curse of inferior writers. But though Gray has left but little to the world as the legacy of his talents, yet few as his pieces are, they are at once marked with the impress of genius, and will immortalize his name as one

of those who in no small degree, have cheered man with the enrapturing harmony of song.

Of the general characteristics of Gray's poetry, and of his poems, time will permit us to give but a brief notice. His 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard,' is the most celebrated of all his poems, and the best, because, as has been remarked, it is the most simple. So remarkably popular was it, that it soon ran through eleven editions, and at the present time it is not less appreciated, although it may not be called up as often as the productions of some more fortunate poet. It is justly regarded as a classic model of elegiac writing, established by universal consent. The solemn flow of the verse has the happy effect of at once subduing the mind. It is one of those few pieces which will bear a repeated perusal, and yet lose none of their effect. Of the other poems of Gray the 'Ode on the Progress of Poesy,' merits particular attention. There is something exquisite in the execution of this piece. Perhaps it is one of the most finely finished productions in the English language. Its numbers flow in voluptuous harmony. In description the author is at times bold and almost sublime. He displays consummate skill and taste. After having represented Poesy as gushing forth in a thousand rills from "Helicon's harmonious springs"—now winding along in a "rich stream, deep, majestic and strong"—now rushing "headlong down the steep amain," echoing to the "rocks and nodding groves," he thus finely apostrophizes it:

"Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
And frantic passions, hear thy soft control:
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command:
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye."

In the same exquisite way does the poet go on tracing the progress of heart-soothing poesy, from the heroic age of Greece, when the language of men breathed the spirit of song, down to the present time, more refined in its productions of genius. His allusion to Milton is a master stroke:

"Nor second he that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night."

We should like to speak of the other poems of Gray, but our limits forbid. We have but room for one extract more, and with this we shall close our article. It is from "The Bard"—an ode full of wildness and sublimity. The poet first describes 'the bard,' and then represents him as uttering terrible denunciations against the usurper of his country's rights:

"On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;

(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air,
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh king! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

* * * * *
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by."

X.

Original.

IRELAND.

'Though thy soil was once trod by the steps of the free,
The midnight of bondage now blackens o'er thee,
Though the blessings of God once around thee were shed,
Thou hear'st now the cries of thy children for bread.

Dost thou think of the time, when by victory's star
Thy Kings roll'd the tide of their conquests afar?
When thy brow, ere the throne that now shades thee had birth,
Look'd aloft with the proudest that tower'd on earth?

Let the flame then that burn'd in thy bosom arise!
Let the sun that once shone blaze again in thy skies!
Thou would'st spurn then the Dragon from Liberty's tree!
Oh who would be brighter, more happy than thee!

But thy head, once so stately, is bow'd to the yoke,
And thy form crouches down as the mandate is spoke,
Oh when shall thy foot spurn that yoke in disdain!
And thy voice tell proud England she threatens in vain!

It will come like the sunshine that bursts from the cloud,
Thou wilt break from thy fetters and leap from thy shroud,
The gleam and the crash will come blended in dread,
And the spoiler will quail at that thunderbolt red.

The links of thy fetters will change into brands,
Thy vales and thy mountains will gather their bands,
Wo, wo, as avenging on dashes the flood,
Wo, wo, for those brands will drink deeply of blood!

When the banner of England was waving in light,
 Did thy sons ever shrink or turn from it in flight?
 No, no, but when reddest it flutter'd in air
 And its foes throng'd the thickest, thy children were there.

How oft to aid England, when earth by the flash
 Of Napoleon's cannon glar'd red, didst thou dash
 Unfrighted, unswerving, to stand by her side,
 Thy arm in one blow, and thy blood in one tide.

Spain holds no siena though gloomy and deep,
 No olive spread valley, no vine cover'd steep,
 And France has no plain, and no river made red
 By the blood of proud England, but thine too was shed.

Then away with the spoiler, away with the chain!
 Let the trumpet of Freedom not call thee in vain!
 Let the shouts of thy sons mingle loud in the blast!
 And the night of thy bondage forever is past.

Albany, N. Y.

ALFRED B. STREET.

Original.

DICKENS' AMERICAN NOTES.

The first result on coming in possession of this work through the medium of the Harpers' press is, the abatement of any wonder you may have ever had, that Charles Dickens, Esq., has been employed with such persevering effort in striving to obtain an 'International Copyright.' For there is quite a difference between the 'one shilling' that we Republicans have to give, and the 'pound sterling' which English Noblemen are required to pay, as an equivalent for this last work on America. On reading the 'Notes,' you can easily discover that they are written without much care, the writer having doubtless supposed, that, like the Travels of former English Tourists, they would soon be thrown aside and forgotten. They are however very interesting, and the scenes and incidents seem to have been selected with a view of rendering the work acceptable to the great mass of the reading public. Its general character is praiseworthy; 'willing to praise and not afraid to blame,' would be an appropriate motto to stand at the beginning, for the author seems to have come among us with the determination of enjoying and praising whatever he thought noble and good, and of freely commenting on whatever, in his eyes, appeared reprehensible. And he has produced, so far as it goes, one of the most true, and of course least carping accounts of American manners and things that has yet been sent forth to the world by an Englishman.

That the work has faults, will not of course be denied. One of these results from the kind of scenes, in the description of which he has indulged in his former works. The fault is that of noticing at length, things which are in themselves unworthy of notice, and of doing it in such a way, as would make any one who was reading aloud to ladies, suddenly stop, or pass over to the next page: this should never be the case in works

intended for 'general circulation.' As one case in point, his description of the swinish gentry of New York, will answer; and others are found in the work. As to the matter of 'spitting' and 'tobacco chewing,' there are many who deserve the ridicule to which they have been exposed, on account of an excess which is disgraceful both to politeness and decency. But then, the author should have guarded against the false impression he has left, that *all* Americans are inveterate spitters and tobacco chewers. His propensity of enlarging too much on the inconvenience he suffered, and of exaggerating somewhat in regard to the strange characters he met, is found to be very endurable, when compared with the remarks of former travellers; but his frequent and flippant mention of 'brandy and water' as his dear friends, can scarcely be made to comport with the gentleman, letting alone any thing higher.

There is one thing which, though only seen here and there, forms one of the worst features in his 'American Notes,' and may be perceived sometimes too in his other works; i. e. that it is a man's duty to make himself as happy as he can, by whatever means in his power, provided they do not clash with civil law, and that God does not require any thing more of us, than that we should thus make ourselves happy, and strive to promote the same *innocent* happiness in others. This, though not expressed in so many words, seems to be his sentiments. Hence arises those attacks on the Puritanism of orthodox ministers of New England, who, because they would keep men from the demoralizing influence of the ball room, and theatre, and even worse places of resort, are branded as the 'denouncers of all innocent and rational amusements.' And when they would insist on the authority of the perfect moral law of God, and the penalties due to transgression, they are spoken of as those 'who strew the Eternal Path with the greatest amount of brimstone, and who most ruthlessly tread down the flowers and leaves that grow by the way side.' In perfect keeping with this, he says of Transcendentalism, that most darling child of Infidelity and Pantheism, 'it has good healthful qualities; not least among the number, a hearty disgust of cant, and an aptitude to detect her in all the million varieties of her everlasting wardrobe: and therefore, if I were a Bostonian, I think I would be a Transcendentalist.' It is to be lamented that one who possesses so much nobleness of heart and sympathy for his fellow creatures, and the ability to render himself happy, should make these his greatest curse, by turning them into heaven-deserving things, to the exclusion of that aid which Revelation offers: but more is it to be lamented that he should throw around such sentiments, so seductive an influence, and give them such wide diffusion as his works are calculated to do. But enough for the faults.

His description of scenes and things are as usual, fine and true to the life: take, for example, the ship going against a head wind—

"She takes a high leap in the air. Before she has well done that, she takes a deep dive into the water. Before she has gained the surface, she throws a summerset. The instant she is on her legs, she rushes backward. And so she goes on, staggering, heaving, wrestling, leaping, diving, jumping, pitching, throbbing, rolling and rocking."—The other scenes of the voyage are vividly drawn. But his description of the locomotive and train of cars in full motion, while going to Lowell, is too good to be lost. "On it whirls headlong, dives through the woods, emerges in the light, clatters over frail arches, rumbles upon the heavy ground, shoots beneath a wooden bridge which inter-

cepts the light for a second like a wink, suddenly awakens all the slumbering echoes in a large town, and dashes on haphazard, pell-mell, neck or nothing, down the middle of the road. There—on, on, on—tears the mad dragon of an engine with its train of cars; scattering in all directions a shower of burning sparks; screeching, hissing, yelling, panting; until at last the thirsty monster stops beneath a covered way to drink, the people cluster round, and you have time to breathe again.' His account of the coach ride in Virginia is quite amusing. So, too, his passage in the canal boat, where he met 'an embodied enquiry; a man with a great note of interrogation in each eye, two in his cocked ears, two more in his turned up nose and chin, at least half a dozen more about the corners of his mouth, and the largest one of all in his hair;' and where he saw the 'brown forester,' who considered the stowage on the boat 'piling it up a little too mountainous for him,' and accordingly brought about a *refixing*. The Mississippi is graphically described as 'an enormous ditch, sometimes two or three miles wide, running liquid mud at the rate of six miles an hour.' Thus much for the travelling part.

He seems to have been in an excellent humor when he landed at Boston, and so he kept, with pretty much all he saw, steamboats excepted, until he reached New York. The account of his visit to the Asylum for the blind, and other institutions at Boston, is deeply interesting; and at the end he evidences his humane heart, by saying, 'I wish I could hope to convey to my readers one hundredth part of the gratification, the sights I have described, afforded me.' The same spirit is shown in his excursion to Lowell, where, as well as in other places, he does not seem at all scrupulous in reprehending what was wrong at home, and suggesting improvements to his countrymen, from whatever superior advantages were discernible in our institutions.

But when he arrives at New York, his good humor begins to forsake him. Yet whatever he *does* notice, he treats in the same independent way, whether it be the Five Points, or New York criminal institutions,—the solitary confinement system at Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, or the doings of our Representatives and Senators at Washington. That he hates Slavery is no wonder; and that he forgets that this is one of the blessings which descended to us from the times when England herself was our mistress, is equally accordant with human nature. But if any wish to know more about the work, they must read it for themselves, for our limits are already exceeded, and we must stop.

AMERICA.

How much richness of thought—beauty of expression—and truth of description, there is in the following—suggested by the birth day of a friend! It was not written with a view to publication; yet, one who writes so well, should not longer remain unknown to the public.—Ed.

Original.

BIRTH DAY REFLECTIONS.

A FRAGMENT.

This is your birth day. On it your eyes first opened to the glad smiles of nature, while rays of immortal intellect proclaimed a breathing soul, the future aspirant of joy or sorrow.——Roll back the time. Can you imagine yourself the tiny object of an hour—the carcase of friends—the plaything and the pet? How, in the feebleness of infancy, you reclined in your mother's arms, stretching forth your little hands in wailing

sorrow, or sported with delight, at some new wonder, presented to your childish gaze. How tottering your steps, when the extended hand of a playful brother, tempted your first *unaided* move in life. How careful the effort. Half pouting, half tearful, you stand irresolute, till secret native energy, with unexplained, but powerful impulse, impels you onward. You rush to the goal, while shouts of glee proclaim your success, and urge to a second effort. Already you feel the incense of applause, and stimulated by its fragrance, your eyes sparkle—your frame quivers—and the will to do, is visible in your nervous tread. The man, is seen in miniature; while thoughtful smiles flit o'er the mother's face, as the youth of promise, the hope of her old age, passes in review before her. She pictures him in the strength of manhood, coping with the wise, the great, the good—compelling their admiration, by the independent energies of his own mind; by his unwavering adherence to principle, and the heaven-taught philosophy of 'good will to man.' She views him at the domestic hearth, where sunny smiles shed radiance over those, whom he has sworn to cherish and protect; and in the richness of maternal vision she bows down her head in thankfulness, for this *last flower* of her garden.

Original.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.*

BY ROBERT H. PRYNN.

But perhaps a more striking illustration may be found in one whose departure we have but recently mourned. "Praise may now speak out with that fullness of utterance which belongs to the sanctity of the grave." I allude to the venerable and the lamented MARSHALL; who, for simplicity, dignity and purity of character, was pre-eminently distinguished. His was not a distinction which dies with the decay of political power, or when the happiness of office is removed. Receiving the grateful homage of his fellow citizens—which was the more gratifying because it was disinterested—he exerted an influence, unseen but not the less felt, even over his superiors in station. To use the language of another—"His life was adorned by consistent principles, and filled up in the discharge of virtuous duty; where there was nothing to regret, and nothing to conceal; no friendships broken; no confidence betrayed; no timid surrenders to popular clamor; no eager reaches for popular favor." A deep feeling of anxiety pervaded the country, when it was known that the period of his dissolution was approaching. And at his death, the impressive language of Scripture was applied to him—"Know ye not, that a Prince and a great man has this day fallen in Israel."

Contrast his life and the circumstances attending his death with that of another who has lately gone from among us. The virtues of the departed, we dwell upon with pleasure; we advert with regret to their failings and their vices. Both, however, belong to us for instruction and warning. With talents of a superior order, fitted either for the cabinet or the field, with a decision and energy of character that never failed him, with an application persevering and unceasing, he seemed formed for empire over the mind

*Concluding extract from an address delivered at the anniversary of the Philoclean Society of Rutgers College—July, 1837.

and the heart. A brilliant career was opened before him. Honors were showered upon him. The highest one, at which with eagle eye and flight he had steadily aimed, was almost within his reach; but he fell in the very act of grasping it. Mere policy and prudence were insufficient to sustain him. There was a fatal destitution of virtuous principle. The riches of the mind could not compensate for the poverty of the heart. The elevated qualities of the one failed to conceal the corrupt and corrupting vices of the other. His political course may be compared to that of "a shell thrown from a mortar by night; it rises calmly in a brilliant track, and seems to mix and even to dwell for a moment with the stars of Heaven. But at length it falls, it bursts, consuming and destroying all around, even as itself expires." The residue of his life was passed in a solitude almost as unbroken as that of the grave. Destitute of power and deprived of the respect of his fellow citizens, the highest boon that he could ask, was that of forgetfulness. He died—and the voice of sorrow was unheard. Silence—the silence of forbearance was the only tribute paid to his memory.

It is unnecessary to pursue this subject further. All of you can recall to your recollection a multitude of examples illustrative of its application. The age of mere military glory has passed. The fame which is founded on intellectual power and moral purity, is more frequently and fervently desired. Do I mistake the indications of public sentiment, when I declare that in this country particularly, an happier era is approaching—an era of courage, prompted and sustained by principle? of moral heroism and benevolent enterprise? An age, which will give birth to another Wilberforce and another Howard? An age illumined by intellect and radiant with moral excellence? Its manifestations may even now be witnessed. In other climes, its pioneers are engaged in a service whose very humility is glorious. The missionary is abroad; and we are witnesses of an elevated courage and a persevering energy, surpassing that of Napoleon in the plenitude of his power and the free tide of success. Let our hearts beat in unison with theirs; and, in our several spheres, may the promptings of this benevolent and enterprising spirit incite to virtuous action. Its effects will be happy. Purity of character will ensure success. Do you pursue the study of medicine? It will welcome you to the intimacy of the domestic circle, and secure for you that entire confidence which is founded solely on esteem and love. Are you destined for the bar? Character will confer upon you, then, a power unfailing and commanding. Do not fall into that too prevalent and deplorable error, that cunning and ingenuity are the most successful instruments in the practice of the legal profession. Cunning over-reaches itself. The poison carries with it its antidote. Possessing purity of character, you will be invulnerable, and will wield a weapon which, in the cause of truth, will prove irresistible. Conviction not persuasion merely, will be your object; and mind will speak to mind, and heart to heart, in a language more impressive and eloquent than that of words. Is Theology your study? Your eye may be radiant with the fire of intellect—imagination may wing its boldest flight, and taste select its choicest words; but without purity, all your efforts will prove cold and lifeless. The most consummate art cannot supply its place. Its absence will be detected in the glance of the eye—in the tone of the voice. The deformity may for a season be concealed with "a silver veil," but sooner or later it will be raised and "the foul linaments" of the bold and reckless imposter be revealed to the public gaze.

Original.

LINES.

Written on learning the author's pieces were thought too religious for a Literary Magazine.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

How can my muse sweep her soft lyre,
To earth-born joys, when God is near;
How can I quench the warm desire,
I feel for all I love so dear?

When in the flying cloud I see,
The God of Love, array'd in light,
And know that all that's dear to me,
Must stand unrobed before his sight,

How can I sing of lighter things,
And leave the joys that all may gain?
My harp would hush her frightened strings,
If I should sing of aught that's vain.

To other pens I leave the lays,
Of love and beauty, mirth and bliss,
Mine be the harp to tune God's praise,
In such a favor'd hour as this.

When morning light, and noon tide beams,
Evening's soft hour, each twinkling star,
The hills and vales and murmuring streams
Reflect his image from afar.

When in the solemn gathering cloud,
Which bends as by some mighty wind,
I hear a voice, not harsh, not loud,
But sweet to each reflecting mind.

How can I turn from scenes like these
When days and hours so swiftly fly?
Rather permit me, if you please,
To tell the world how Christians die.

And as the rolling years depart,
Bearing upon their hasty tide,
The lov'd of many an aching heart,
Spreading affliction far and wide.

Oh, let me warn the young and gay,
And tell them life will soon be o'er;
Then they will thank me for my lay,
When safe on heaven's unbounded shore.

Sag Harbor, L. I. 1842.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—In the days of our childhood, when we dwelt amid the treasures of home, all were wont to regard our friend, the Knickerbocker, as the presiding Deity of the household, and looked upon him with an almost holy reverence, as a king in literature, and a casket full of old Dutch remembrances. Then, during the long winter evenings, when all were seated around the blazing wood fire, the very sight of his well known countenance, would cover the face of the father in ancestral lore with a thousand smiles; and, as he listened to some stirring incident of New Amsterdam, or to some touching description of virtue in distress, his eyes would gather an unwonted brilliancy, his hands would be pressed upon his breast; and being familiar with the meaning of all this, we would sit and listen for hours—till the candle had burned away unnoticed in its socket—to his graphic delineations of Dutch manners, character, and life, until the soul was full, too full for utterance. Oh! those were happy, simple days—those days of our forefathers. Would that they might once more return, if only for a season, for then heart welled up in its freshness to heart, and all seemed most peaceful and blessed. Those were also the halcyon hours of the Knickerbocker, when he took undisturbed possession of the affections of every Dutch sire and blushing maiden. And we, sometimes, are half tempted to regret, that time has wrought so many changes. Multitudes now people our cities and villages, who have no sympathy with us, in the

remembrance of the days of our ancestors, and who, although they freely acknowledge that 'Old Knick' is a Prince in Letters, yet have never invited him into their family circles, to warm their hearts by his bursts of impassioned feeling, and to raise themselves in their own estimation, by a consciousness of the true nobility of their companion. Still his reign is more universal now, than it was then. The ties of kindred, love, and sympathy still bind him to a host of his countrymen. Nor does his influence cease with us. He may be seen month after month in the studio of the enthusiastic Scotchman—in the palaces of the sturdy and contemplative Englishman—and in the saloons of the gay Frenchman, always greeted as the glory of America.

The Knickerbocker ranks among its contributors the 'master spirits' of our own land, and not a few of the best writers of England. It is interwoven with every thought of our American Addison—Washington Irving. It is yet his pride, and regarded by him with all the fondness one could have for a younger brother. Nor should we, for one moment, forget its distinguished Editor, Louis Gaylord Clark, 'a gentleman who to cultivated taste and experience in the field of letters, has added an engrossing enthusiasm, and an unwearied industry in the discharge of his duty, which has rarely if ever paralleled.' As soon as a monthly number is issued, the Editor's Table always first receives the smile of welcome, for the *richest intellectual feast is there*. Where has it an equal in this respect? Where is there such beauty of thought—such native richness of expression—such wealth of humor—such courtesy to all, and such deep-pointed satire, as in the Editor's Table of the Knickerbocker? And then, all the articles are of the highest tone in thought, feeling, and language, and suited to every variety of taste. The lover of our pure Saxon tongue can there read the beautiful compositions of Irving. The student of Nature can there study the inimitable picturings of Bryant; and all, whether contemplative, gay, or humorous, will always, as they commune with the Knickerbocker, find the robe of their own enchantress thrown over their spirits.

OUR FINALE.

Kind reader—we present you this month with our last number, and in doing so, the task before us is a pleasant, and at the same time, a painful one. Pleasant—because we are holding converse with friends, to whom we are under lasting obligations for aid and counsel; who have fostered our infant enterprise; cheered us during many discouragements; and warned us not to expect continual sunshine. Pleasant—because we can now offer to them our gratitude; thank them for their generous disinterestedness; and call down the blessings of heaven upon the holy work of their hands. Pleasant—because we can review our own intimate connection and lively interest in the success of our expedition, from the time when we first launched our slight barque on the contending, and too often treacherous waves of public opinion. It was then surrounded by friends and enemies—the former, by every look and movement, expressing the hope that the voyage might be a successful one:—the latter, by their prophecies, taunts, and the thousand little impediments which they threw in the way, attempting its destruction. Still the little barque—although only a cruiser—kept on its course, catching every friendly breeze, while it sustained the buffetings of the storm king; and, at length, has reached its destined port. We do not say this in a spirit of boasting, but rather in one of gratitude, that amid the wreck of College Monthlies, and among them, that of the

'Classic,' at Middletown, which, although edited by Professor Willard, did not reach the second number of its new year, we have been able to bring our own to a happy and successful close. But we said that our task was at the same time a painful one. Painful—because we know that our fellowship is about to end; and that, instead of presenting the prospect of continuance and enlargement, we are compelled to write that word of sad and untold memories—Farewell.

For this announcement, our readers were somewhat prepared by our last number. We there stated a few of the advantages of having a College Monthly permanently established; and also, made a proposition to Students and Alumni, for the forming of an association, on which should rest the future management and responsibility of the Miscellany; and that without such an association the work must fail. All are willing to write articles, but none are ready to assume responsibility. What then must be done, is the question which immediately arises. Its present Editor has borne the whole responsibility, and consequently the whole loss connected with issuing the Miscellany; and, perhaps, our friends would like to be informed, that the loss amounts to no inconsiderable an item. Is it right that he should sustain it another year, at as great, if not at a still greater loss, than during the one which has just closed? This is too much to ask. Had he consulted his own feelings and interest, the Miscellany would have ceased its existence six months ago. But he had started it—had promised its continuance, and had determined—however rash it may seem to any—that the monthly should continue one year, even, if necessary, at a pecuniary sacrifice. The loss, as we feared, has been considerable, but we feel gratified in being able to state that all our promises have been fulfilled. We have admitted nothing in these pages of a light, trifling, or immoral character; and, except in a very few instances when unavoidable absent, have exercised great care in the choice of our articles. We have also exceeded our promise. Instead of dividing its pages between original and selected pieces, we have, with two or three exceptions, filled it with original articles—making a neat volume of nearly two hundred pages. The same amount of matter, in the type generally used by Magazines, would occupy almost three hundred pages, and all this we have given for the sum of one dollar.

Before closing, we would present our sincere acknowledgements to those tried friends who have always stood by us, and given us their literary aid. Nor would we wish our readers to be ignorant of the fact, that no less than fifty six of our articles have been written by our Professors and Alumni; and several of our most valuable contributions by writers favorably known to the literary world—Mrs. R. S. Nichols, Mrs. M. L. Gardiner, Mrs. St. Leon Loud, and Alfred B. Street.

And now our humble task is completed. To us it has been a source of gratification and delight. This little volume, the object of our earliest exertion, will be to us a memento of some of the happiest moments of our existence—a vine of greenness and of clustering grapes entwined around 'that Eden spot in memory—our Alma Mater.' In these pages we have endeavored to preserve the purity of truth unsullied by a single blot, and the loveliness of virtue unblemished by the shadow of a single vice. If we have afforded you any intellectual entertainment—caused one flower to spring up in your pathway—or awakened in your heart one glow of generous feeling—our every desire is satisfied. FAREWELL.

B. F. ROMAINE.

New Brunswick, Dec. 1842.

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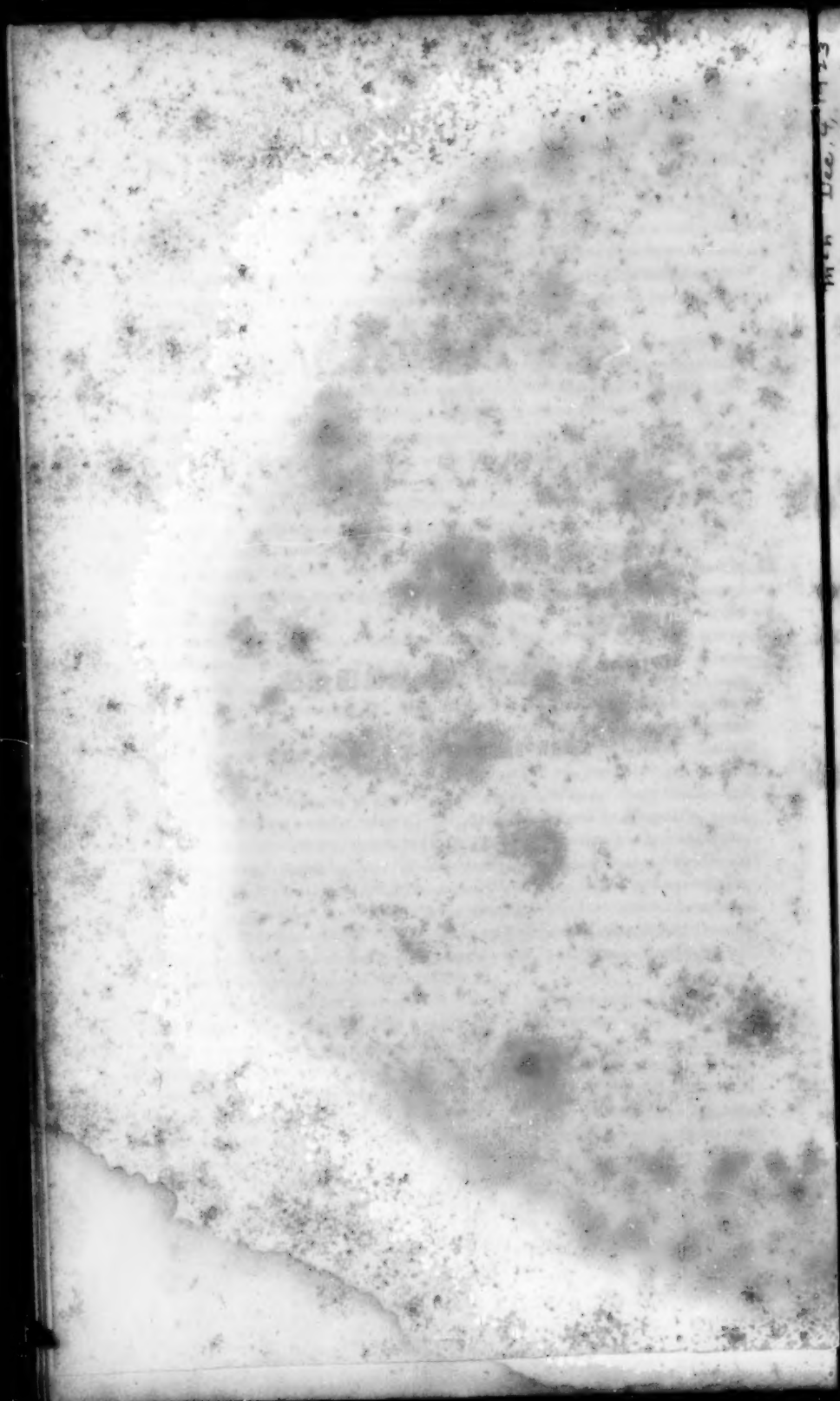
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Wm. G. Phillips,†	Utica, N. Y.	
Edward Pye,	Clarkstown, N. Y.,	Mr. Bonney's.
Andrew Robinson,	New-York City,	Mr. Hummer's.
John V. Schenck,	Six Mile Run, N. J.,	Mrs. Kent's.
Charles Scott,	Hamptonburgh, N. Y.,	do. do.
James A. Scott,	Richmond, Va.,	Mrs. Miller's.
William B. Snyder,	East Brunswick, N. J.,	Mr. Snyder's.
Richard H. Steele,	Guilderland Centre, N. Y.,	Mr. Bonney's.
Benjamin Stephens,	New Brunswick, N. J.,	Mr. Stephens'.
John W. Stout,	New Brunswick, N. J.,	Mr. Stout's.
Joseph Varick,	New-York City,	Mrs. Freeman's.
John V. W. Veghte,	Sommerville, N. J.,	Mr. Mann's.
J. Elias Whitehead,	New-York City,	Mrs. Hagaman's.

FRESHMEN.

Names.	Residence.	Room.
Elias Dusenberry,	Yonkers, N. Y.,	Mrs. Nighmaster's.
T. Lawrence Hasbrouck,	Kingston, N. Y.,	Mr. Stelle's.
Bernard S. Schoonhover,	Bushkill, Pa.,	Mrs. King's.
John Smith,	Bergen, N. J.,	Mrs. Freeman's.
Ichabod Stephens,	New Brunswick, N. J.,	Mr. Stephens'.
James Talmadge,	New-York City,	Mrs. Berrian's.
Isaac Van Wagoner,	Paterson, N. J.,	Mrs. Freeman's.
Isaac N. Whitehead,	Morristown, N. J.,	Mrs. Ayer's.

ADMISSION, COURSE OF INSTRUCTION, &c.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

The preliminary studies are the same, substantially, with those of the other Colleges of our country. For the Freshman Class, a knowledge of Latin and Greek Grammar; four books of Cæsar's Commentaries; six books of Virgil's *Æneid*; Cicero's orations against Catiline; Sallust; the Greek Gospels and Acts of the Apostles; Jacob's or Clark's Greek Reader; a knowledge of Arithmetic.

For admission to an advanced standing, an examination must also be sustained in the studies to which the class have attended since admission.

Applications for admission must, in all cases, be accompanied by satisfactory and responsible testimonials of good moral character.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

First Term.

{ Herodotus and Livy with Greek and Latin composition
Greek and Roman Antiquities and Mythology.
Arithmetic reviewed; and Algebra.
Geography Ancient and Modern.

Second Term.

{ Odes of Horace or Minor Treatises.
Cicero's Letters (ad Diversos) and Homer's *Illiad*.
Antiquities, Mythology, and Ancient Geography.
Greek and Latin exercises.
Algebra completed.

Third Term.

{ Xenophon's *Memoriabilia*.
Mythology, Antiquities, and Ancient Geography.
Satires and Epistles of Horace.
Greek and Latin Exercises.
Geometry (Hutton's) commenced.

Declamations, Translations and Compositions throughout the year.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

First Term.

{ Cicero—Letters to Atticus or De Oratore.
 { Homer's *Odyssey* or Hesiod.
 { Greek and Latin Exercises.
 { Geometry completed; Logarithms.

Second Term.

{ Demosthenes, or Thucydides.
 { Terence, Plutus, or Cicero de claris oratoribus.
 { Greek and Latin Exercises.
 { Young's plane Trigonometry.
 { And Mensuration of heights and distances.

Third Term.

{ A Tragedy of Euripides,
 { Or one of the Olynthiac orations of Demosthenes.
 { Tacitus; Greek and Latin Exercises.
 { Navigation and Mensuration of Surfaces and Solids.
 { Surveying and Engineering.

Compositions and Declamations throughout the year.

JUNIOR CLASS.

First Term.

{ Tragedy of Sophocles, and Medea of Seneca.
 { Greek & Latin Exercises, & Essays on classical subjects.
 { Spherical Trigonometry, and Astronomy.
 { Logic; Philosophy of Rhetoric (Campbell's).

Second Term.

{ A Dialogue of Plato.
 { Cicero's Tusculan Disputations.
 { Translations and Essays.
 { Analytical Geometry, embracing conic sections.
 { Young's differential calculus.
 { Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric continued.
 { Christian Ethics; Chemistry.
 { Philosophy of the Mind.

Third Term.

{ A Tragedy of Aeschylus; Juvenal.
 { Translations and Essays.
 { Young's Integral calculus.
 { Christian Ethics; Philosophy of the mind.
 { Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric completed.
 { Chemistry.

Composition and Declamation throughout the year.

SENIOR CLASS.

First Term.

A Tragedy of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*.
Cicero de officiis.
 History of Greek and Roman Literature.
Cavallo's Natural Philosophy.
Story's Commentaries on the Constitution of the U. S.
 Evidence of Revelation.

Second Term.

Pindar; *Horace's Art of Poetry*.
 Translations and Essays.
 Natural Philosophy continued.
Story's Commentaries continued.
 Christian Ethics; Chemistry.
 Philosophy of the Mind.
 History and Chronology.

Third Term.

A Greek Tragedy, or Orations of *Demosthenes*.
Quintilian, or *Satires of Persius*.
 Natural Philosophy.
 History and Chronology.
 Political Economy.
 Christian Ethics completed.
 Geology and Mineralogy.

Compositions, declamations, and disputations weekly during the year.

A course of Lectures is delivered weekly, before the College, during the first term of each Collegiate year, by AUGUSTUS TAYLOR, M. D.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

EXAMINATIONS.

All the classes are examined before the close of the second term.

The Senior Class, four weeks previous to the Annual Commencement.

The three lower Classes, the week before Commencement.

ANNIVERSARIES AND EXHIBITIONS.

The Anniversary of the Alumni Association is held on the day previous to the Commencement.

The Anniversaries of the Literary Societies, on the afternoon of the same day.

The Exhibition of the Junior Class, in the evening of the same day.

VACATIONS.

There are three vacations during the year.

The first, from the day after Commencement to the 15th of September.

The second, from the 21st of December, to the 7th of January.

The third, from the 7th of April to the 1st of May.

The Annual Commencement is held on the third Wednesday of July.

The Collegiate year opens on the 15th of September. The second session commences on the 7th of January, and the third on the 1st of May.

A sermon is delivered every Sabbath morning, in the College Chapel, by one of the clerical officers of the Faculty. The Students are required to be present; and also to attend public worship in the afternoon, at such places as their parents or guardians may direct. The laws of the College also require one Biblical recitation weekly. The Professors consider themselves charged with the moral and religious, as well as intellectual training of the students.

The price of tuition is forty dollars per annum. The admission fee is five dollars. Both are required to be paid in advance. There is also a charge of five dollars for incidental expenses.

Excellent boarding may be obtained in families approved by the Board, (the students are not permitted to board with any other,) at \$2.00 to \$2.50 per week. And all our observation and experience has convinced us that residence in respectable and cultivated families has a much happier influence alike on the morals and manners of the student, than seclusion within the walls of a College, and the being subjected for several years to the habits of a College refectory.

The expense of tuition and boarding, together with the charge for incidentals, therefore, will be found, by adding the above items, to amount to \$123 or \$142 per annum, as the student wishes to board at the lower or the higher price. The advantages of a complete Collegiate education are thus placed within the reach of the student at what will be found a remarkably moderate expense.

There is a Scientific or Commercial Course which permits the student to select such studies as have a direct bearing on his intended pursuits in life. Those who take this course receive a certificate according to the branches of study which they pursue. Where the student is a minor, the consent of his parent or guardian is necessary to his entering upon this course.

The instruction of the College is given entirely by professors.

The mild and proverbially healthy climate of New-Brunswick, with the very moderate expenses of living, and the opportunities of frequent and rapid communication, by rail-road and steamboat, with all parts of our country, and at all seasons of the year, render it exceedingly desirable as a place of education.

Provision is made by the Board of Trustees for pious and indigent youth, who have in view the Christian Ministry.

End

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